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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

IF you have a nation of men who have risen to that height of moral cultivation that they will not declare war or carry arms, for they have not so much madness left in their brains, you have a nation of lovers, of benefactors, of true, great, and able men. Let me know more of that nation; I shall not find them defenceless, with idle hands swinging at their sides. I shall find them men of love, honor, and truth; men of an immense industry; men whose influence is felt to the end of the earth; men whose very look and voice carry the sentence of honor and shame; and all forces yield to their energy and persuasion. Whenever we see the doctrine of peace embraced by a nation, we may be assured it will not be one that invites injury; but one, on the contrary, which has a friend in the bottom of the heart of every man, even of the violent and the base; one against which no weapon can prosper; one which is looked upon as the asylum of the human race, and has the tears and the blessings of mankind.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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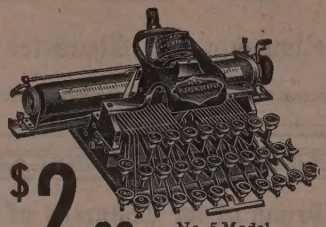

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1916 NUMBER 1

THE CRICKETS

Listen to the crickets singing in the grass:
Jolly little minstrels, not a care have they;
Piping up so blithely when they hear you pass,
Whether sun is shining or the sky is gray.

Cheer up! is their watchword, for the cricket knows
That its chirping gladdens many a weary day.
What a place to live in were the world, suppose
We could keep on singing in the cricket's way.

—*Nellie M. Coye*

Fred C. Kelly in the *American Magazine* tells how the President and Vice-President of the United States "get the truth out of men." President Wilson thinks that by talking with a man long enough the truth will out, "For no man is smart enough to lie consistently for half an hour." Vice-President Marshall takes his men one at a time. Business men know that it is foolish to go to luncheon with more than one man if they want to accomplish much. The more people there are about the table the less frank the conversation will be. "A liar likes a good audience. It is when he is alone with the man he is trying to fool that the off-hand liar is apt to quail." There is an interesting psychology back of this. President Wilson is right again when he says, "A liar is not a smart man, for a really smart man knows that lying does not pay." The thought of God as the all-seeing eye has touched millions of souls with awe and kept them in the path of rectitude. The conception of the Divine as an all-hearing ear that takes note of the continuous conversation and records every spoken word is a thought as profoundly true as it is impressive and character forming.

We are indebted to Cyrus H. McCormick, president of the International Harvester Company, for a daintily printed booklet entitled, "Have an Outside Interest," being the report of an address by Dr. Henry B. Favill delivered at the Sixth Annual Dinner of the Harvester Club. Like everything said and done by this late lamented servant of Chicago, it rings with high patriotism and noble altruism. Anticipating the time that will come in the lives of every one, "When you must seriously consider what you must do for the remainder of your lives," he pleads for the "judicious intermixture of other interests in one's business." His close is a worthy climax of a timely argument, nobly stated, which we give below. The International Harvester Company is quite in line of its legitimate business when circulating this splendid bit of noble eloquence among a community too much preoccupied with their business and too indifferent to 'outside interests."

> Never in the history of this country has it been so imperative that every honest, able-bodied, red-blooded, clear-thinking man should have his mind set on what is the right thing for him, for his community and his country to do. This matter does not necessarily turn upon your expression of opinion. It turns finally upon the clarity of your thought. You can't have a clear thought without an outstretching into the matter that will give you a certain kind of exact knowledge. You can't have an exact knowledge unless you study—unless you think. You cannot very well study this subject unless somewhere or other you get into such a group as I have mentioned.
>
> I began by speaking about your individual happiness because I know that anything you do along this line will redound to your individual happiness; but aside from that, and beyond it, I say to each one here tonight, with all the earnestness that I can bring to bear, and quietly and seriously; your country needs you, needs you more than it ever needed you in its history.

The American people need no one other thing so much as a great baptism of Emerson. We are going wrong because we have been unfaithful to the teaching of our Major Prophet, the American Isaiah. Charles J. Woodbury of California is one of the Emerson interpreters who is familiar with the man as well as with his books. He has read the message in the face as well as in the text. Early, as a student in Williams College as committeeman whose business it was to extend the courtesies to lecturers, he came under the spell of that voice and it was the beginning of a life long enthusiasm. Thirty years ago he surprised and startled some of us who felt quite well acquainted with Emerson, with fresh revelations, delightful glimpses of the Emerson personality, which first appeared in the *Century Magazine*, which he subsequently reproduced in a book which, unfortunately, is now out of print, but which has a sure place on the editorial shelf of the present writer. Mr. Woodbury has 'Two Lecture-Talks" interpreting our prophet, "Emerson as He Was. I, With His Friends. II, Himself." These two lectures were heard at the University of Chicago two years ago and have been listened to with delight in many other centers. And now Mr. Woodbury has added a third lecture talk entitled "Emerson on War and Preparedness." Surely a timely subject. Surely it behooves us to hearken to the wisest man our land has produced. Is there no way by which this man with literary insight and spiritual sympathy, adequate to the task, can be set agoing to preach anew the Emerson gospel? Are there not still enough people left in the great civic and social centers of the Mississippi Valley to give Emer-

son another hearing through an interpreter who saw as well as heard. The eye witnesses are fast disappearing and the time is not distant when St. John, the last of the disciples, who could give first hand interpretations, will have breathed his last, perhaps far away from the Galilean shore.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

And now our friends to the Eastward are agitating the need of a "Young Peoples' Prayer Book." Heaven forefend that the ever vanishing and deceptive age line should further invade the sanctities of the Temple. A new prayer-book may be needed though it is a bold mind that will undertake to make that which to be real must be the slow and largely the unconscious growth of ages. But the profundities of worship must touch the few simple chords of human emotion which are vibrant in the child and which are the last to grow dormant in the aged. The spiritual life of young people has suffered much from the attempt to set them apart, *"juvenile* literature," *"Young Peoples'* Unions," *"Young Men's* Christian Associations," *"Young Women's* Guilds," *"Junior* Endeavor Societies," etc., etc., are modern results of the organizing mania that was developed during the nineteenth century and have become rampant in the United States. Now comes this last menace to the unconscious life of the spirit that would give the "boys and girls" a special prayer-book, a most effective way, we fear, of chilling the prayer instinct in the youthful soul. Thomas More said that in Utopia children alone wore precious stones and jewelry, consequently the children early reached the age when they were anxious to discard them and thus escape the reproach of the implication of childhood. We fear that such would be the result of a Young Peoples' Prayer Book. Call in the boys and girls, the nephews and nieces and all their cousins, bring in the grandchildren and let them join with the gray haired grandparents in singing "Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah," "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," or perchance, "Lord of All Being, Throned Afar!" Let some young voice lead in the responsive reading of the nineteenth Psalm and altogether join in the "Our Father" and to close with let the most venerable and beloved of the worshipping company speak an apostolic benediction and you will have had a prayer service that will touch alike the adolescent youths and the serenity of old age and the tottering steps of the latter will be steadied by the strong arms of the former.

The problem of midsummer church services is getting to be more and more acute in our country. Two stubborn facts present themselves; the large bulk of people, including the residents of cities, have no escape from the home routine. All the year round sentiment and personal convenience that have so weakened church going habits at any time, have almost demolished such a habit in midsummer, and still fancy, whim and passion are as active and oftentimes more rampant in the lives of people during the summer months than any other season of the year. A third thing is equally clear, the present conventional church service does not reach the trouble. A letter from a reader of UNITY, who this summer for the first time for many years, has "stayed at home," writes:

The minister offers a carefully prepared course of addresses, suited to the needs of the people but alas, he talks to an average of about sixteen women and four men and is confronted with the remaining empty seats. If a minister must preach in the summer time he should devise some way to reach the people at the bathing beaches or in the parks, for there is where the crowds are to be found. I am inclined to believe that the people would be glad of some such diversion. You should see the crowds that flock to hear and give respectful attention to the meagre amount of music which is meted out to them once a week at the parks. We have followed after the bands at the different parks on these hot nights and have always found the other so-called "amusements" deserted when a musical program was being given. Some day municipal music will be recognized as a necessity quite as much as municipal lodging houses. Staying in the city in the summer and mixing freely among all classes of people one comes to a realizing sense of the needs of those less fortunate than themselves. To see mothers dragging their families from one street car line to another to finally reach the lake, convinces one of the greed alone which animates those who built our city railways. Every crosstown car in Chicago should reach to the lake, instead of primarily to the department stores. And then our lake front, if you could see the horribly crowded condition of our bathing beaches with the possibility of spreading all sorts of diseases while miles of the shore is given up to the railroad and other business interests, you would feel that the people should be aroused to demand their rights.

Another student of the situation who stayed at home last summer suggests that neighboring churches should somehow forget their differences and pool their resources during July and August. If groups of churches would concentrate their audiences and rotate their services the community might be aroused to an enjoyment of the unique privilege of listening to other than their own minister and perhaps worship at other shrines than their own. Now is the time to study the situation and to prepare for next year, "Lest we forget!"

The Clear Lake Conference

The Lincoln Centre Farm closed its Sixth Summer Encampment last Sunday, August 27th, in a blaze of glory. Since acquiring proprietary rights to that little Sea of Galilee in Wisconsin three years ago, the Pastor and friends of All Souls Church, Chicago, have each year summoned that countryside to a Sunday Rally. This Rally has grown into the above title and last Sunday was a conference indeed. The day was perfect, the roads good, the preparations were made deliberately by a local Committee and the attendance

was both inspiring and beautiful. The surrounding towns for twenty miles around and the intervening farm houses were represented; over a hundred automobiles were counted and they overflowed the little park place provided for them up on to the hills beyond. Of course there were all manner of driving vehicles, besides, from the single buggy up to double carriages and carryalls. A conservative estimate made while the crowd was still countable, fixed the attendance in the neighborhood of a thousand people. Stoughton, Edgerton, Madison, Ft. Atkinson, Milton, Janesville, Palmyra, Whitewater, Beloit, Cooksville, Tower Hill and Chicago were represented.

To the Editor of UNITY of course the underground attractions were the memory ties that reached back of the automobiles and their smiling occupants to the missionary years of the '70's when he was Pastor of an All Souls Church at Janesville, and for nearly ten years he missionaried in nearly every school-house, Grange hall and hamlet in the adjoining territory in Rock, Walworth, Jefferson and Dane Counties. Spectacled men and women with their grand-children in hand came to greet the speaker at whose meetings they "courted," who were married by him and over whose parents' graves he spoke the words of consolation. There were those there who remembered the beardless farmer lad who fifty-four years ago those very days left the farm for "the front," and have kept tender, solicitous tab on him ever since. There were those there who could truly say "I have been reading UNITY from the first number, have watched its growth, noted its achievements, all of them I have seen and part of them I have been."

But this was more than an Old Settlers' reunion, though that it was in a real sense. It was a meeting with a program, a program with a message arranged by a local committee. At 2 o'clock the picnicking crowd came together and filled the improvised seats in front of an improvised platform in the shade of Rose Inn and the patriarchal trees planted by Father Rose a quarter of a century and more ago. The Milton Firemen's Band introduced the program with National Airs and familiar hymn tune. The Rev. Mr. Grebeck, Pastor of the Congregational Church at Ft. Atkinson, gave the invocation. The topic for the cosideration of the afternoon was "THE UNITY OF CIVILIZATION." Professor Upham of the Whitewater Normal spoke of The Community of Science and Arts. The Hon. John M. Whitehead of Janesville, one of the officers of The League for the Enforcement of Peace, spoke most emphatically of the internationality of business and law. Mrs. Wanamaker of Edgerton, sang Kipling's "Recessional." Mrs. Titus of the same place spoke effectively of The Responsibility of Woman in this matter, and Prof. H. M. Barbour of Milton College spoke of The Church United. Forty "little boys" who were closing their two weeks of joy, sang effectively Mrs. Bates' hymn, "Oh, Beautiful for Spacious Skys," and the crowd was not weary but gave sympathetic hearing to the Editor of UNITY while he told at some length of the lessons of the Ford Ship. The company still abided. They stayed for leisurely visiting, to finish the contents of their baskets in a supper luncheon on the lawn, and a goodly company tarried until the night to gather round the last camp fire of the boys, where they sang their songs, recited their pieces, rehearsed their "yells" and enjoyed their treat of cookies and candy.

Next morning early the boys were astir gathering corn from the garden to carry home "for father and mother," loading their grips and themselves on the hayrack and were off to catch the train at Milton Junction, a mile and a half away, by 7.30 a. m. And the Lincoln Centre Farm Encampment was closed for the year. Measured in any way, it was the most successful season yet. Forty boys and forty girls in alternate relays have enjoyed during two months that out-of-doors throughout a season that has been exceptional in its intense heat and devitalized drought.

But the pure air, clean water and good food were not the chief benediction to these camping children. There has been a good deal of intensive farming done in that Garden of the Lord during those two months. There was a heavy chaperonage, much of it volunteer service, which made it a school in manners, self-control and life direction.

An expert observer pronounced the Camp from the barn, through the farm-house to the swimming pool, "a clear case of good housekeeping."

To the readers of UNITY this Lincoln Centre Farm has been one of the three institutions which largely owes its life to its fostering care. All Souls Church, the Abraham Lincoln Centre, UNITY itself, the Lincoln Centre Farm in Wisconsin, and now comes what promises to be the fourth, the child of its fostering, the Clear Lake Conference, where annually the intelligent people of that favored section, the land of the cow and the schoolhouse, will come together to listen to high discussions of living topics in an Open Forum on the shores of this Sea of Galilee in Wisconsin.

Like all the other children of UNITY, it is still a child, scarcely out of its swaddling clothes. It, like its elder brothers, needs nursing and parental care. They are all outgrowing their childish diseases. They are all hungry because they are vigorous. They are all needing and looking for new friends.

This Lincoln Centre Farm rejoices in its over half a mile of lake shore and about twenty-five of tillable land needing the reclamation of good farming. There is a model little barn, a tidy farmer's house, six good

cows, two horses, eleven pigs and a quota of chickens, ducks and geese; the Rose Inn, which contains a commodious kitchen, well equipped and an attractive dining-room with capacity for double the present number, guest rooms and attendants' quarters upstairs; two model dormitories, accommodating twenty cots each, a steel flag-pole and a white bordered banner, a meagre supply of seats and lawn apparatus.

In order to secure the self-support talked about by intensive farmers, it ought to have the adjoining forty acres which the cows have already pre-empted for summer pasture. It needs a pig-pen which ought to cost $200 or $300. It hopes for a silo to hold the ensilage from the corn field. In order to justify the investment in this somewhat costly plant which already represents over $10,000 it ought to duplicate its dormitories by another year, so that instead of forty, eighty boys and girls can be accommodated at the time.

All this will come but faith must be kept not only with posterity but with the coming generations. None of these can be realized until the money is in sight. Meanwhile the faithful care-takers, Mr. and Mrs. Max Meileck, are on the ground taking care of things all the year round, faithful and intelligent children of toil.

And now abideth All Souls Church, Lincoln Centre, Lincoln Centre Farm, the Clear Lake Conference and UNITY. These five and the greatest of these is UNITY which with this issue enters upon its LXXVIII Volume.

J. LL. J.

It is always worth remembering that the money spent in one battleship would build a Harvard University and then leave enough to build a Tuskegee and a Hampton Institute. An arbitration costs perhaps $1,000,000, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead has called attention to the fact that "Three weeks before Paul Kruger's 'ultimatum,' Joseph Chamberlain, British Minister, refused to refer the difficulties to an arbitration board of two Dutch and three British chief justices. Had he done so, England would have saved three years of bitterness, a setback to all local progress and reform, and the hatred of a people who lost 20,000 women and children in concentration camps; she would have saved $1,100,000,000, which might have given that third of England's population who are living in dire poverty on less than six dollars a week per family the following things:

"100 Old People's Homes at $100,000 each.
1,000 Public Playgrounds at $50,000 each.
1,000 Public Libraries at $50,000 each.
1,000 Trade Schools at $200,000 each.
500 Hospitals at $200,000 each.
3,000 Public Schools at $100,000 each.
150,000 Workingmen's Houses at $2.000 each."

From "Friends' Intelligencer. —Frederick Lynch.

THE PULPIT

The Spirit of Democracy in the Modern Drama

Read Before a Group of Progressive Preachers and Teachers, Thursday, July 27, 1916, by Harry Foster Burns, Temporarily Supplying the Pulpit of All Souls Church, Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago.

Some years ago Amelia Bingham who was then a leading attraction on the Chicago billboards, addressed a Chicago Minister's meeting making a persuasive plea for a better appreciation of the theatre on the part of the church. Her argument was that the primary function of the stage is to amuse or entertain, and that the importance of this function should be recognized, serving as it especially does, to rest the nerves of the tired business man.

Now, this prejudice toward the theatre which Miss Bingham sought to lessen is of very long standing. It is not so strong to-day; but in the sixteenth century it was strong enough in England to hold the upper hand and to make laws for the land. For it was in the latter part of that century that a law was passed in which strolling players were classed as rogues and vagabonds, enemies of the common weal, with the provision, that upon conviction, they should be "grievously whipped and burned through the gristle of the ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about." It was not until the 18th century that England finally gave legal sanction to the theatre; while even to our day legislation regarding the theatre in the English speaking world has tended to restrict and repress the theatre, rather than to encourage it, or to constructively direct its activity. Henry Arthur Jones, English Playwright, has repeatedly urged in his lectures, both in England and America, that a prime condition for getting a representative drama is a better appreciation of the value and function of the drama on the part of the people. He brands as stupid the puritanical prejudice against the stage which has persisted in the church, and the more conservative of English universities. This prejudice is still strong in the English Church. I was told in London that it is only the more liberal of the non-conformist churches that will tolerate approval of the drama in the pulpit. And Oxford University stubbornly excludes the modern drama from its curriculum, in spite of the efforts of playwrights to get it introduced. The reason assigned is that the drama is not literature; but Mr. Jones declares the real reason to be, that the modern drama is alive while Oxford will admit only that which is dead. Upon this puritanical prejudice must we place a large measure of the responsibility for the low tone, artistically and morally, of much that the billboards today offer. "The drama's laws, the drama's patrons make." A more favorable attitude toward the drama exists in America, where leading universities like Harvard, Yale, and Chicago, have within recent years introduced the study of the modern drama, and where the church has come to occupy a tolerant, not to say friendly, attitude toward it.

The attitude toward the drama then is changing, and a primary reason for this changing attitude is the changing drama, itself. Most people, doubtless, still

think of the theatre as primarily a place of amusement, a funny place where funny persons do funny things; but a much more worthy and serious purpose appears in the leading dramatic productions of our day. Many playwrights confess to and should be accredited with a consciously social and moral purpose in their work. They believe it their task to hold the mirror up to nature, to faithfully represent life, not by phonographic reproduction, but by revealing the forces by which life is defeated, and by which it gets on. They seek to interpret life as we find it in the world. The great dramas are a sort of *X-ray* revealing beneath the surface the things that cause the pain. They throw a search light out into the confusion and darkness of our modern seething struggling civilization. They select from the complexity of forces at work at any point of irritation the chief factors of the difficulty and hold them up before our eyes. They therefore help us to live intelligently, effectively. And the true play does this with such charm and beauty, so pleasingly that the great multitude which would be unable to follow the profound logical processes of your pulpits, or are too tired to do so, will see the presentation upon the stage at two dollars per seat. To educate the multitude in the high art of living, is the mission which Henry Arthur Jones claims for his profession. And Henrik Ibsen has said:

"The experience of all countries sufficiently establishes the fact that dramatic art in every age in which it has been cultivated has, in a higher degree than any other, shown itself an important factor in the education of the people."

But there is not only this eduational purpose in the modern drama, there is in it also a purpose working consciously toward social reform; as a well-known teacher of dramatic literature says:

"The prime function of the dramatist today is to bring men to a consciousness of their social responsibility, and to incite them to constructive measures of social reform."

Here, then, is the spirit of democracy using the stage, and the increasing number of plays that are published but not staged, as the instrument of its purpose. A clearer definition of this spirit of democracy may be had by brief reference to Rousseau, the foe of kings, who first gave clear popular expression to the idea of the validity of the inner life, who proclaimed the doctrine of the value of the individual, and preached that most of the inherited traditions, the hoary conventions, the ancient institutions, were barriers to the life of the individual, prison-bars, shutting him from the realization of his highest ideal manhood. From this came the call, "Back to Nature," back to a condition of life free from these arbitrary, unnatural restrictions and misdirections of human aspiration. Rousseau's program was impossible; but in his message is the spirit of democracy in its pristine purity. There is a false democracy which in order to bring all to one level, would rob the strong man of his power, and the legitimate reward of his ability; but true democracy seeks nothing but the individual's freedom to attain his ideal self, according to his ability, unhindered so far as may be by unnatural restrictions and misdirections. This spirit, which Rousseau popularized, burst forth in the French Revolution, bore fruitage in German Philosophy, flowered in the poetry of Wordsworth and Lowell, in fiction like that of Charles Dickens, and lastly came to voice in the dramas of Europe in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The first great dramatic exponent of this spirit was Henrik Ibsen, father of the modern drama; who hated lies and shams with all his soul, who was fierce in his antagonism to the artificial conventions, and the unnatural restrictions which he found hampering the lives of men. He was an emancipator of the mind and spirit; breaker of the chains that bound the mind and the heart. He said: "A man shares the guilt and the responsibility of the society to which he belongs," and hence, he concluded:

"To live is to war with friends
That infest the brain and heart;
To write is to summons oneself,
And play the judge's part."

"To play the judges part" is just what Ibsen did, for his country, its spirit, its ideals, its institutions. In 1863 when Ibsen wrote his first great play, Norway had just refused to join with Denmark in repelling the aggressions of the Germans and Austrians, which ended, as you remember, in Denmark's loss of one-third of her territory and about one-third of her people. Ibsen never forgave his country this cowardly unfaithfulness to a sister state; and thereafter, he not only lived in Germany, and in Italy, but published his books in Denmark rather than give them to Norwegian publishers. To Ibsen this action of his country was evidence of the deterioration of her character, and he wrote the beautiful and powerful drama "Brand," with the purpose of "stabbing his country wide awake." Brand is the impersonation of heroic idealism, and his judgments upon the officers of state, upon the people of the churches, upon the masses of the people themselves, are Ibsen's judgments upon his fellow-countrymen. For instance, Brand, the young priest, stands upon a mountain cliff, and looking upon the people in the valley says:

"Oh, I know you through and through,
Sluggard spirits, souls of lead!
All the Lord's prayer, said by you,
Is not by such anguish sped;
By such passions borne on high,
That one tittle thrills the sky
As a ringing human cry,—
Save the prayer for daily bread!
That's this people's battle-call,
That's the balzon of them all!
From its context plucked apart
Branded deep in every heart
There it lies, the tempest—tos't
Wreckage of the faith you've lost."

And Ibsen is not superficial in his analysis. The source of this weakness, this sordidness, which he finds in his countrymen, is in their religious conceptions, their idea of God; or perhaps these conceptions are the fruit of their sordid and weak character, at any rate they are vitally bound together, and Ibsen assails with most effective irony the popular conception of God and the church. He said they worshipped a God who was a dotard and a dreamer verging on second infancy, who should be shod with slippers, and wear skull cap and glasses. And further he said:

"So to the church you would confine
The world-wide realm of the divine;
'Twixt life and doctrine set a sea,
No-wise concern yourselves to be;
Bliss for your souls you would receive,
Not utterly and wholly live."

Though Brand had started as a priest of the church, he leaves it to build for himself a new church, high in the mountains, midst the ice and the snow, and

among the crags, symbols of the austerity of his spirit, which demands of its votaries "all or nothing." There he declares a God who is like Hercules, "no sipper of life's lees"; but who throughout the ages wonders had done,

> "And wouders still would do
> Had not the age grown sick, like you."

It was by such rebuke and such challenge that Ibsen sought to arouse his countrymen to an effort to throw off the yokes that bound them in mind and heart. The traditional customs, and institutions of the day, Ibsen clearly saw to be incompatible with the spirit of democracy, which placed primary importance upon the individual right to freedom and opportunity to attain the highest ideal manhood. I have dwelt upon his first great work, because it best illustrates the spirit of pure democracy at work on the stage for the accomplishment of its purposes.

Later dramas for the most part express the spirit of democracy in conflict with specific ideas or institutions or customs which interfere with the individual's realization of his best self. You may have been interested to read, "An Enemy of the People" in which Ibsen presents Dr. Stockman, a caricature of social reformer, in conflict with the political authorities of his town, with the tyrannical press, the sordid business interests, the slothful populace, whom Ibsen characterizes as "The Compact Majority" or "The Cud-chewing Crowd." In brief the story is this: Dr. Stockman was given charge of the water department of his town which had been widely advertised and largely patronized for the health restoring qualities of its water. He finds the water supply polluted, and determines to make the truth known. In this he arouses the bitter opposition of his brother who is mayor of the city and fears the reflection upon his administration. The local editor enthusiastically promises his support; but when it becomes known that a new water-system would cost $100,000, the householders draw back from the tax this would impose, and the business men are unwilling to lose the income from the Summer resorters who will soon begin arriving. Suddenly the editor who had promised support turns antagonist, refuses to publish any unfavorable statement about the water. The printers all refuse to set type for a private report. No other recourse being left Dr. Stockman rents a hall where he announces that he will speak to the people; but the meeting is packed by his opponents, who continually interupt his address, and when they finally get charge of the meeting, they vote him an enemy of the people, with only one dissenting voice—that of a drunken man in the rear of the hall. Here as elsewhere Ibsen is iconoclastic, but his purpose is to arouse the people to a sense of the restraints and injustices they suffer, and to flay their slothful sordidness, in the interest of social progress. He believes and preaches, you might almost say violently, that to bring progress there must be men who are able to stand alone in strong and uncompromising protest against the world as it is in the interest of the world as it ought to be. Parenthetically I may say this is precisely the duty of the Christian Church as defined by Prof. Lake, of Harvard in his "Stewardship of Faith" which I read a day or two ago. "Though Ibsen was a sour courtier to beauty, he is never a traitor to truth. He will never be surpassed in his angry scorn of lies. If for happy lovers he grows no sweet for-get-me-nots and crushes the poor in spirit; it also remains a truth of note that, they who have rooted themselves in the rank stubble of modern commercialism, shudder at him, as a weed at the ploughshare, as a cancer at the knife." He is the first great clear exponent of the spirit of democracy in the modern drama.

After Ibsen, even during his day, there was a rapid multiplication of dramas of democratic purpose. These dramas increasingly selected specific social problems, specific points at which the spirit of democracy was seen in opposition to the existing status. Bjornson, a younger contemporary of Ibsen, was a builder where Ibsen was a doubter, possessed more of the social point of view, yet his plays where written in protest. He wrote, for instance, "The King," "The Editor" and "The New System," exposing the way in which monarchy thwarts the interests and will of the common man, the tyranny of the press before which the individual is all but helpless, the injustice heaped upon the people by the selfish manipulations of big business as exemplified in the management of a large railway.

In Germany, where Ibsen had received a hearty welcome, there began to appear strong plays of democratic spirit. Hermann Sudermann's masterpiece, "Magda" may be so classed, for it is in the interest of democracy in the home. You will recall the story. Magda, a young woman of strong personality, is living with her parents in a small provincial town of Southern Germany. Her father, Col. Schwartz, who is the impersonation of the old German notion of paternal authority, tells Magda she must marry pastor Heffterdingh, which she refuses to do, and is driven from the home. In Berlin she studies voice, and after years of struggle returns, under her stage name, to sing in native village. There her identity is discovered and she is finally induced to re-enter the home of her parents, where she comes into that conflict with her father, which Sudermann regarded as inevitable so long as the old notion of paternal authority existed, unless indeed the youthful daughter was to be denied all chance of developing a character of her own. The inevitable conflict is carried on revealing here and there most keenly the limitations of the views, the pretenses and shams of the good people of the village, and ends only when the father dies in a fit of rage, because Magda refuses obediently to marry for "honor" a man who has greatly wronged her, though now accepted as a "pillar of society."

The industrial organization which followed the introduction of the factory system of Europe has brought forth a whole brood of social problems. It irritated the social organism at many points which became sensitive, and drew attention to them. With these the drama dealt, simply because they were the things of which people were thinking, and with these problems the drama must deal if it would have reality. One of the first great European dramas setting forth the lot of the common man was, "The Weavers" by Gerhart Hauptmann. It is a terrible picture of low wages, of starved workingmen and their families, of hard-hearted, merciless injustice, suffered until human nature could endure no more; while on the other hand the manufacturers were rapidly piling up great for-

tunes. Labor was unorganized, and for the most part so crushed and bruised that it had not the spirit to assert its rights, while it was given no legal protection, and no encouragement from the church. At last the pent up feeling of wrongs long-suffered found expression in a riotous outbreak which demolished the houses of employers and struck to kill all who seemed identified with the oppression. The outbreak was unintelligent, blind passion; but its explanation and cause was the long injustice which these men had endured. The story is one that deserves thoughtful reading by every employer of men, by every student of industrial disturbances.

The same interest, of course, is served by Galsworthy's "Strife" which has been played in America and seeks to show that because of a system which tends to make antagonists out of those who are essentially partners in production, the strife must continue. Moreover he shows that the stronger the organization, and the stronger the character of the men on each side the more bitter will the conflict be. Mr. Galsworthy does not offer a solution, indeed he holds that this is not the business of the drama but to hold up the mirror so that men may see the essential factors in the problem and then, it may be hoped, those who are intimately connected with the problem will find a solution. This purpose, Mr. Galsworthy strikingly accomplished in his story, "Justice." This story revealing the cruelties, the injustice, the utter failure, of that form of penology which is the product of the old idea of punishment as revenge, when presented on the English stage led directly to the modification of the English penal law, eliminating some of its worst features.

I have given but a few illustrations of the spirit of democracy in the modern drama, and most of these well-known. They have been those dealing almost wholly with the lot of the common man. On this same problem I might have mentioned Strindberg, Bernard Shaw, Tolstoy, Gorky, Brieux, Hervieu, Rosland, and many others. Beside there are three other great social problems, all of which find their exponents among the writers of modern drama. These are First, the problem of the status of modern woman resulting in large measure from the industrial revolution creating a world in which she has not yet quite found her place. In this connection one should read Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene" and "Mono Vanna," Strindberg's "Comrades," Ibsen's "Love Comedy," and Shaw's "Man and Supermann." Then there is the problem of the child and his right to be born well, with which the dramas are in some measure dealing. Lastly the problem of International Peace, on which there were some good dramas even before the outbreak of the world war. Among these are Zangwill's "War God," Shaw's "Aims and Demands," Katrina Trask's "In The Vanguard," and Charles Rann Kennedy's "Terrible Meek."

This will serve to show the reality that is in this body of modern literature. I hope it may stimulate our interest in it, and give just a little boost to our appreciation of the potentiality for evil or for good possessed by the stage including the moving picture. The drama works with the power of suggestion, and works mightily; it appeals to deep universal human emotions, and in this very subtle way influences character. Its power has been recognized by those interested in swinging our country into a program of unlimited military preparedness and used effectively for this purpose in such productions as "The Battle of the Nations." Thomas H. Ince, who is now exhibiting his million dollar production ironically called "Civilization," at the Grand Theatre, is making effective use of this instrument to reveal the true meaning of war, and in the second part where the symbolic figure of the Prince of Peace walks over the battlefields of the dead, burning into the conscience of those responsible for the slaughter the human cost of it all, this picture is preaching the sermon that every pulpit should be proclaiming. Such work on the stage or in the cinema should have the support and sympathetic co-operation of all good people. A similar function is being served by "Romona" being exhibited at the Auditorium, and tending to awaken a feeling of sympathetic brotherhood for the people of Mexico, who, with the Indians of this country, have not always received at the hands of the white man brotherly treatment. Its text might well be "God hath made of one blood all nations of the world," and its creed is failure to remember this truth, engenders hatred, revenge, destruction of property and life.

If it be true, as true it is, that the object of democracy, the purpose of the church, the method of Jesus, is simply to find the things that are interfering with the processes of life on the way toward its highest realization, and then to remove these hindrances; then surely the modern drama impelled by the spirit of democracy should occupy a place of recognized importance in our programs for reading, and be used by us as an instrument for teaching a religious attitude toward life.

THE SPARROW

Little bird of dusty brown,
Why do you stay here in town,
In the noise and dust and heat
Hopping in the ugly street?
Other songsters choose to go
Where the grass and clovers grow,
Where the dew is on the hill
And the shady woods are still;
Where the baby rivers skip,
And the cool green mosses drip.
There tomorrow I shall be!
Sparrow do you envy me?

Saucy bird, alert and quick,
Lingering on stone and brick,—
Little children linger too,
Who perhaps are fond of you;
Pale and pitiful to see,
Sick and sorry too, maybe.
They can dream but never go
Where the ferns and daisies grow.
All the sultry summer through
They will hear no bird but you,
Cheap and common, sharp and shrill,
Chirping, chirping, chirping still,
Picking bugs and crumbs and things.
Yet—*you* have the gift of wings;
They can see you dart and fly
Free and high to tree and sky,—
Only little comrade given
Who can bring them news of heaven!

Sparrow, when I go away,
Is that why you choose to stay?

In St. Nicholas for July 1916. *Abbie Farwell Brown*

A Vision of Peace

I was on the Council Crest viewing the fine scenery. How beautiful the view, the distant snow mountains rosy with the rays of the setting sun, the Willamette River at my feet, beyond it the Columbia where its tributary rushes into its arms. The soft spring breeze, the fragrance of many flowers, all combined to hush my spirit. A sense of peace and quietness came over me and a pervasive calm. Suddenly I aroused and rubbed my eyes. Where was I? I seemed in the portico of a beautiful palace. Toward the east I still saw Mt. Hood and the familiar landscape. But all else was changed. I looked around and saw a multiude of corridors of great artistic perfection. No one style seemed to monopolize the structure. I looked on beautiful Corinthian pillars and ancient Greek cornices. Yonder was a Chinese pagoda, and over there a Japanese tea garden. Moorish facades, African bungalows, Gothic arches, cathedral halls, all crowded on my vision. These were not empty. I saw peoples of all nations thronging the aisles, corridors or pagodas, and standing under the facades. They all had contented, happy faces, and a superior physical development. It seemed as if the best in every nation was in evidence. Their language, too, seemed to accord with the surroundings, a blending of all languages, yet intelligible to each. Beautiful statuary and pictures were there, brought from everywhere, but the Greeks and the Italians monopolized the spaces. There were many lovely pictures of happy childhood, contrasted with landscapes of mountains and valleys, and waving fields of grain. But I saw no signs of fortifications, guns or battleships. Instead I saw the harbor crowded with grain ships, and passenger ships, great and small, thronged with happy people. I heard beautiful music, songs of all nations mingling in wondrous harmony. Not a discord or note of sadness, not a minor chord, but all breathing amity and concord. Not the "lost" but the "found" chord vibrated in unison with the people and all the surroundings. I stood and watched the throngs of people. They were artistically clothed. Not a color that did not harmonize, not a garment that shocked the purest artistic taste. The women wore perfectly fitting garments of medium length and flowing lines, the ancient Greek costume combined with modern ideas of utility. Their forms were both graceful and artistic, the perfection of the human shape. Not a muscle was cramped in waist or arm, leg or foot. Their feet were cased in low-heeled slippers and their ankles were superb. Then I saw a woman of supreme beauty approaching me. She smiled, shook my hand and spoke, "Who are you? Do you need help? Is there any way in which I can serve you?" she asked. "I do wish to ask a question," I said. "What is this palace and who are these people?" She smiled as she said, "This is the palace of all nations. Do you see that flag?" I had not noticed the wonderful dome of the palace, which seemed to scrape the upper realms of the sky with its airy fringes. Yes, there was a flag which seemed to embody lines and colors from all the flags in the world. When I child I had been much interested in these flags, and as I looked I saw a combination of all of them emblazoned in this immense banner. "This is our emblem," said she, "this is a suburb of the United States of the World." "What year is this?" I asked, filled with amazement. "This is A. D. 2500, the month of June," she answered. I rubbed my eyes in astonishment. "How long have I slept?" I gasped. "When I was last awake there was a dreadful war on. Will you tell me how it ended?" A shade seemed to pass over her bright face, but she soon answered, "It is fortunate that you ask me, the Muse of History, for otherwise you could not find the answer. First look down and see the ships of all nations riding in our harbor. See the architecture of our city, radiating from a common center." I looked and saw that the palace was the center. The city extended in all directions down the slopes of the mountains as far as I could see, beautiful homes with abundant gardens and flowers. Not a slum, not great palaces and miserable hovels, but everywhere comfort and beauty. "There are no rich and no poor here now," said she, with a happy smile, "the former things are passed away." "Is this Heaven?" I asked. "No, this is the earth. There is Mt. Hood and all the natural scenery. There is the old earth as far as nature goes. But it is a new earth everywhere else. I do not often speak of that cataclysm you call the war. It was the end of an age based on fear and hate. The law of love had been embodied and lived by Jesus the Christ, but his teachings had not been put in practice by the nations. Many individuals had followed His percepts and lived good lives, and the world had been greatly helped. But the governments remained wholly devoted to the god of brute force. Hate ruled the nations. They sowed the wind in encouraging jealousy and raising great armaments and navies, and reaped the whirlwind sure to follow such sowing. That civilization was a hypocrisy. Its horrid face was unveiled in that war as never before. Everything went down before it." She covered her face with her hands. "When everything was over," she resumed, "the few scattered remnants of Europe gathered in the U. S. A., where, owing to the wisdom of the President, Woodrow Wilson, war had not raged. Great trouble had come there, too, as a result of the destruction of Europe. A new line of thought and action was developed. All ideas of war or warlike actions, all paraphernalia of guns and armies and navies were done away. The law of Love was laid down as the cornerstone of the new civilization. The Golden Rule was enacted into the laws and legislation of the people. Harmony prevailed as the necessary necessity of continued existence. All distinctions on account of race, color, wealth, poverty, were abolished. A plan of carrying on business was devised which obviated all the former social unrest and class hatred. It was not hard to arrange when all peoples loved each other, and did as they would be done by. This, you see, is the result. The world is now federated. All the arts of peace are cultivated. We do not keep the relics of that age of hate even in our museums. We only refer to it when the old spirit of hate shows itself as it does sometimes. There are no masses and no classes, no race prejudice or sex distinction. All peoples furnish that in which they excel, and we fit in as beautifully as the bodily members. We till our fields and gardens, and the produce is stored in great warehouses and sold at wholesale prices. There is no monopoly of the earth or the food. Hence, there is always an abundance. We manage the climate and the earthquakes now, for the practice of the law of love enables us to do what could

not be done in the old days of hate. Ever new avenues of development open before our eyes. A new earth has arisen wherein dwelleth righteousness."

SARAH I. LYMAN.

Portland, Ore.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

ADVENT SONGS,* a "Revision of Old Hymns to Meet Modern Needs." The need of such a revision is real. The old symbols do not carry for the modern mind the precious freight of meaning and inspiring truth they did for the time in which they originated. But to translate these hymns into symbols consonant with our modern life so as to keep the religious value and the poetic beauty of the old is an exceedingly difficult task. This task Professor Simon N. Patten has attempted under the above title. In the seventy hymns here presented there is a blending of the religious, the patriotic and the social thought of the day in a High Unity. For the most part these consist of the old standard hymns with words and phrases changed here and there. Modernized, they surely are. This is gain. But it is not done without some sacrifice of poetic beauty. A fair example of the success of the effort is seen in the first verse of "Mercy" (Gottschalk):

SOCIAL spirit, right divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
OTHERS GOOD O'ER MINE ENTHRONE;
TEACHING TRUTH AND TRUTH ALONE.

Here is another:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
OUR GUIDE WHEN SKY IS OVERCAST,
OUR VIRON, SHIELD, AND HOME.

The work is well done, though; in many places there is loss of poetic value, and in it all there must be for most people a loss of religious value due to the fact that the old words have the warmth of long associations. Yet some such revision of our hymnology must come to all our churches before we may experience in it the value that the hymns of another day had for the people of their time. We welcome then the work of Prof. Patten, and would like to see it placed in comparison with such hymn books as "Unity Hymns and Chorals," and the work by Stanton Coit, which are expressions of this same purpose to modernize our hymns.

THE WILL IN ETHICS,† by Theophilus B. Stork, is a fine, readable statement of 190 pages. This is the first book by this author that I have read, but surely he is a student of functional psychology, for that is the point of view from which he treats the important problem of the will in the attainment of character, and happiness. The centrality of will in life we know now better than ever before, and as Mr. Stork shows, the will is not a separate department of our personality, it is the whole personality acting. The book is a clear, readable statement for the student of psychology; and is of great practical value to those who would know what help modern psychology has to offer the lay reader, in our common task of attaining character and happiness. This the author makes dependent upon the identification of the individual will with the "Universal Will," and when we follow him through to find out the meaning of the "Universal Will" it appears as the ideal human ends as understood by the individual. It is in thus bringing oneself progressively into accord with his increasing appreciation of these ideal ends that one "finds himself," and as he does so he experiences new values in life continually. This is the way to happiness. And the reader of free mind can not but feel that here is the way to reality. Here is definition of the religious life and the way to the attainment of the values that have been experienced by the great leaders of the church in the past, and the way once again to make our religion real, human, potent, vital. It is a mighty good thing for preachers to read, and if they accept its point of view, it will save from the dry formal logic, and the barren dogmatism which so often threatens our pulpit work, and when it appears leaves the people in the pews with a feeling that life is not fed thereby; that the church is not supporting life as it ought.

THE ART OF LIVING LONG is a volume edited and published by William F. Butler, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and containing "La Vita Sobria" (The Art of Living Long), by the noted Italian centenarian, Luigi Cornaro; together with three essays by Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon, and Sir William Temple. It is a matter of great interest that at a time of material prosperity in America, we should have come to see the leading preachers turning anew to the lives of the Saints of the middle ages and finding a new value in their writings; and here, now is evidence that men are looking in this same direction for guidance and inspiration in "The Art of Living Long." Are the American people becoming humble? Have we come to feel that there is something lacking in our civilization, without which our prosperity is only poverty after all; that our civilization is somewhat empty at the centre and that the emptiness leaves everywhere a feeling of need?

At any rate the work that Mr. Butler has done in bringing to us this story of the Great Italian centenarian of the fifteenth century, who through the persistent and thoroughly intelligent control of mental and physical habits; from a youth of weakness and wasted energy, passed quickly to strength and vigor of body and mind, and continued in this state of health throughout an active life reaching the century mark, meets a great need in our life. Less than two-hundredth of one per cent of our people reach the age that nature allots. We have need to learn of the centenarians, for it is abundantly proven by the experience of those who have tried it, that most people die long before their time, simply because they are "too lazy to live." I mean they are too will-less, or too ignorant, to adopt systematic means of keeping themselves in good health, and thereby keeping above par their power of resistance to disease. Accompanying the volume are excerpts from letters by men like Henry Ford, J. H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company, and many others; in which they order scores of addiitonal copies of this book for distribution among their friends, and expressing the belief that the book should be read "by every man, woman and child"

*B. W. Huebsch, Publisher, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.
†Published by Sherman French & Co., Boston Mass.

interested in keeping themselves well and in living a long time.

Here is the great appeal of Christian Science, which in spite of a philosophy which most of us can not square with what we know about the world, is doing many people good, and ministering to their health. Why not interest ourselves in such books as the above which are true to the facts of life, and which can at the same time bring anyone who will follow their teachings all the mental and physical benefit that advocates of Christian Science find in that faith? H. F. B.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the First Christian Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXV.

Torquemada 1420-1498

A Study of Persecution. The Waldenses. The Albigensian Crusade.

"Mercy and Justice" Motto of the Inquisition.
The tender mercies of the ignorant are cruel.
—*Prov.* 12-10 (*Revised J. Ll. J*).

This lesson concerns itself with the blackest page in Christian history; possibly the blackest page in human history. It is of a time when Christianity sank into unspeakable brutality offering the most cruel manifestations of human nature found in history, all exercised in the name of religion.

Can we ameliorate the story of Torquemada? He was born 1420 at Valladolid and died 1498. Originally a prior in one of the Dominican monasteries, for eighteen years, from 1480 to 1498 he was Chief Inquisitor, a sort of "chairman of the committee." His character seems to have been without reproach, he was a clean, high, conscientious man; whatever his sins they were not sins of passion or of grossness. He was not a "bad man" and still most horrible atrocities were committed under his administration and by his direction. The explanation must be looked for in a bad head, not a bad heart, a false and not a depraved theory of duty.

The Inquisition naturally hangs on to the Crusades the one movement blended into the other. A passionate enthusiasm for Christianity in the face of the triumphant heresy of the Mohammedans inspired the Crusades. The Mohammedans were invading the Christian world. They had captured Constantinople and in that way were desecrating the capital city of the Greek Catholic Church. The fervor of Christian zeal led those people to believe that the calamities befalling Europe were visited by an indignant God because they had been unworthy of their bequest. The very cradle of Christianity, the grave of Christ, the Holy Land in which the Christ had revealed himself and his purpose, had fallen into infidel hands. All who claim to be the inheritors of a "faith once delivered to the Saints," whether Jew or Christian, base their faith on the philosophy that justified the Crusades.

If it was right to war and kill in bulk, to campaign against peoples and capture cities, then it was right to carry the war into details, make war upon individuals, clear the earth of heretics. There you have the philosophy of the Inquisition. These premises do not indicate a vicious heart but a mistaken head and an inadequately informed mind.

The same time and causes that produced in Italy St. Francis, gentle, kind and tender, produced Dominic a Spanish Friar, swarthy, grim and severe. While Francis recoiled from the hardness, cruelty and flippancy of the Church, Dominic was appalled with the loose or bad thinking, the ignorance of alleged Christianity. On a journey from Spain to the courts of France, on some kind of a political embassy, Dominic must needs pass through the section of France where already a very active form of heresy flourished in the country of the Albigensians and the Waldenses, the latter a kind of Quaker sect, which followed the lead of a certain Waldo, a mild, clean, sweet kind of heretic. Stopping all night in a little hotel, the landlord, a Waldensian tried to convert Dominic who awoke to a realizing sense of the danger to the church of that kind of thing. He pondered over it until he became possessed with a sense of obligation to combat the heresy. With the consent of the Pope he organized a new teaching and preaching Order. He went about as Francis went but with a missionary propaganda that would compel loyalty to the true Gospel, and it became an aggressive, grim defense of orthodoxy. The Franciscans wore gray and the Dominicans black, hence the "Gray and Black Friars."

Out of this Dominican Order came the dire necessity to persecute, and to them was given the responsibility of enforcing the Inquisition. The Pope granted them the authority to summon any man to trial and to execute him without appeal. Torquemada the Dominican brought the organization to the maximum of power and potency.

There were five kinds of heretics.

1. The Christian heretic, the Waldensians and Albigensians, those who did their own thinking, perhaps the least offensive.

2. The greatest thorn in the side of the Church, was probably the plain Jew. The Jews were numerous and ever climbing to the top, in all the departments of life. In medical development, diplomacy and finance. They were regarded as a great menace to Christianity. It was a political and sociological necessity to expel them.

3. Their safety lay in baptism and many thousands became nominal Christians. They were called *Marranos*, a word of doubtful origin, probably derived from the Hebrew Maranatha, condemnation or damnation. They came to hold high offices in all departments of Spanish life and were greatly suspected and looked upon as a menace.

4. The *Mohammedans* had gained a strong foothold in Spain.

5. They were offered the same loophole as the Jews and a good many sham Christians were made out of

good Mohammedans. These were called *Mariscoes* (Moors). All these five kinds of heretics became so aggressive and dominant that nothing but severe methods could down them, under the theory that a man must not be allowed to live with a false theology. This theory was justified by the Church of Rome down to the early part of the nineteenth century. When Napoleon encountered it and gave the last official knockout blow to the theory of the Inquisition, which held sway over three hundred years.

Prescott has an interesting chapter on the Expulsion of the Jews from Spain (seventeenth) stating that no rumor was too absurd for the easy credulity of the Spanish people.

> Christian children were said to be kidnapped in order to be crucified in derision of the Savior; the host, it was rumored, was exposed to the greatest indignities; and physicians and apothecaries, whose science was particularly cultivated by the Jews in the Middle Ages, were accused of poisoning their Christian patients.

Prescott represents Isabelle as reluctantly consenting to the expulsion but other authorities are not so gracious.

J. A. Symonds, a relentless critic and a radical, in his volume on the Catholic Reaction says "The Inquisition rested on the double basis of ecclesiastical fanaticism." He writes:

> Torquemade was the genius of evil who created and presided over this foul instrument of human crime and folly. During his eighteen years of administration reckoning from 1480 to 1498, he sacrificed, according to Llorente's calculation, above 114,000 victims, of whom 10,220 were burned alive, 6,860 burned in effigy, and 97,000 condemned to perpetual imprisonment or public penitence. He, too, it was who in 1492 compelled Ferdinand to drive the Jews from his dominion. They offered 30,000 ducats for the war against Granada, and promised to abide in Spain under heavy social disabilities, if only they might be spared this act of national extermination. Then Torquemada appeared before the king, and raising his crucifix on high, cried: "Judas sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver. Look ye to it, if ye do the like!"

The work of Torquemada continued and received an impetus from Igantius Loyola. Loyola was page to King Ferdinand and was wounded at the battle of Pampeluna. Only twenty-one years old, an enthusiast, an idealist, gay, wealthy, enamored of wine, women and song, he had a horrible time in the hands of the surgeon, became a cripple for life. During his convalescence he was forced to read the pious books the hospital afforded and he became enthusiastic for Christ. He wanted to convert the world, was distrusted by the church, at one time suspected of heresy, but after serving a long novitiate, he finally became the flaming missionary of the Order of Jesus, afterwards known as the Jesuit Order. That Order grew so powerful through its doctrine of expediency, that it was considered a menace to the Church itself. It is probably now in good repute in Rome and we in the United States, owe a debt of gratitude to those missionaries who were able to establish human relationships with the Red man and to win his love. The Jesuits became absolutely beyond control and were expelled from Venice in 1606, from Bohemia in 1618, from Naples and the Netherlands in 1622, from Russia in 1676, from Portugal in 1759, from Spain in 1767, from France in 1764. Suppressed by the Bull of Clement XIV in 1773. Restored in 1814, as an instrument against the Revolution. And expelled from Mexico in 1861. The history of the French conquest of North America, Canada and the United States is utterly unappreciated on our part. The Saxons came for conquest largely but the French for an ideal and Columbus himself found America in order to serve his Savior.

In this lesson we want to probe deep into the ethics of the Marranos and Moriscoes, as well as those of Torquemada and we might well ask if the spirit of these heretics and those who punished them is extinct.

Read your enclyclopedias on Torquemada, Dominic and Loyola, and the Inquisition. The best authorities available are perhaps:

Symonds, Renaissance in Italy, The Catholic Reaction Vol. I.
Prescott, Ferdinand and Isabella II.
Draper, The Intellectual Development of Europe Vol. II.
White, Warfare of Science and Theology.

How does the internationalism of the Catholic Church compare with the individualism of Protestantism?

QUESTIONS.

(1) How do Torquemadas' acts and his character seem at variance?
(2) What is the connection of the crusades and the Inquisition?
(3) Who were the Waldenses?
(4) What was the origin of the Dominican Friars?
(5) How many kinds of heretics were punished in the Inquisition?

A Tribute to Ford

There is a man living in Detroit, Michigan, who has been called a fool by some people and classed with copperheads by Colonel Rooosevelt. The product of his factory has gone on its own merits and by its own power to every part of this country and to many parts of the world. His patriotism has been impugned in ringing editorials, and the funny man of every joke column has held him up to public ridicule. This man has voluntarily given his men double the accepted wage of the labor market and not satisfied by that, he trains men to sobriety, and good citizenship. To make twenty thousand people contented and efficient, to teach them the English language and their duties to the state, seems to me at least as great a contribution to the national weal as Mr. Vincent Astor's gift of a hydroplane to a New York regiment.—*Dr. E. A. Steiner, at Chautauqua.*

From Friends' Intelligencer.

ATTIC DREAMS.

There was the softest, whitest bed
In the room where I used to sleep,
And a quaint little faded patchwork spread,
And a chest that was brown and deep.
The maples sheltered the windows there,
And the stars looked through when the boughs were bare,
And mother's footstep was on the stair
In the room where I used to sleep.

There were the fairest golden hours
In the room where I used to sleep,
And a fairy queen with wondrous powers
Her jealous guard would keep.
And all the shadows scurrying black
Could never frighten her gold dream pack,
Oh, brave dream fairies, come back, come back
From the room where I used to sleep!

—*Rose Anderson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

AMERICAN UNION AGAINST MILITARISM.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S REPORT.

August, 1916.

Before leaving on my vacation I want to give a brief record of our work since we organized in December:

1. We have conducted a live press bureau since the beginning, sending out frequent bulletins and news stories (many of them illustrated) to 1601 papers all over the country,—labor and farm weeklies as well as regular dailies. *This has been and still is the only active nation-wide press service available for the forces fighting militarism.*

2. We have collected nearly 50,000 names of probable supporters of this movement, including farmers, trade unionists, local peace society members, Quakers and members of various radical organizations. These lists have been carded and indexed as fast as it was possible for our office force to do it.

3. We have distributed 600,000 pieces of propaganda literature, 579,000 of these being of our own design and publication.

4. We conducted effective public hearings before the Congressional Committees concerned with the big armament bills and more recently a most important interview of the President; all of these hearings received wide publicity.

5. A member of our committee was responsible for inducing Mr. Ford to publish two full page advertisements in hundreds of newspapers exposing the falseness and folly of the so-called "preparedness" agitation. When these advertisements began to bring in more than a thousand requests a day for Congressman Tavenner's speeches "The World-Wide War Trust" and "The Navy League Unmasked," it was our office manager who organized and directed the clerical force which Mr. Ford employed to send out Tavenner's speeches, and the resulting lists are in our possession.

6. We organized a "Truth About Preparedness" campaign during April, consisting of eleven mass meetings in the largest halls in New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, during which our speakers addressed 40,000 people and won hundreds of columns of publicity from an unwilling press.

7. We produced a graphic *War Against War* Exhibit which was shown for six weeks in New York, a month in Chicago, and is now in Detroit. This exhibit has been known to draw as many as 10,000 people in one day.

8. We have reproduced the *War Against War* Exhibit in poster form (two and three colors) and can supply it complete to any local peace group or individual for $8.00.

9. We have grown from a small emergency committee of 15 members to an organization with local committees in twenty-two cities of the United States, from Boston to San Francisco.

Our biggest effort during June was in connection with the Mexican crisis. At an emergency conference hastily called in New York, and lasting far into the night, we drafted a strong telegram to President Wilson, urging the withdrawal of American troops, wiring our local committees in twenty-two cities to do the same; we telegraphed representatives of the A. B. C. powers to renew their efforts for mediation, and we called an unofficial joint conference (three representative Americans and three representative Mexicans) to meet at El Paso immediately, in an effort to avert war. The proceedings of this conference you have no doubt followed in the press. Its first full sessions were held in Washington July 6 to 10 inclusive and a permanent "Inter-American Peace Committee" formed to promote understanding and good will between the people of the two Republics.

From many different sources we have been assured that the American Union Against Militarism was a considerable force in averting war.

The danger of war is over—for a time at least—and we are free once more to turn our attention to the big navy bill in Congress.

If you still believe in us, there are three things we ask you to do this summer.

1. *Write or wire* your Congressman by all means to stand out for the House Navy Bill which calls for *seventy-two*

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vessels as against the Senate substitute which calls for *one hundred fifty-seven.*

2. *Order one of these Poster Exhibits* for $8.00 and use it this summer. It is ideal summer propaganda,—with plenty of color, variety and graphic argument. Each poster is complete in itself. Together they are irresistible.

3. *Send us the name of one new contributing member.*

Is that asking too much?

Faithfully yours,

CRYSTAL EASTMAN,
Executive Secretary.

Munsey Building,
Washington, D. C.,
August 3, 1916.

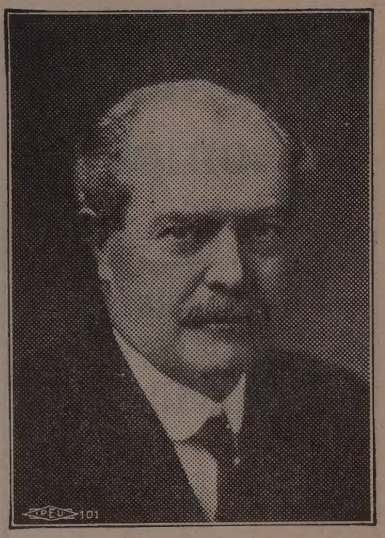
UMBRELLAS

People on a rainy day
Look like mushrooms, strange to say,
And their round umbrella-tops
Gleam between the falling drops.

Little mushrooms grow in clumps
Round the feet of mossy stumps;
Large ones wander up and down
Through the streets of Rainy Town.

—*Miriam S. Clark.*

In St. Nicholas.



As the campaign for the primary election approaches its close, the renomination of Governor Dunne seems assured. His opponents have found it pretty difficult to find arguments to convince voters that they are qualified to furnish an administration approaching the present one in progress or achievement.

There has been nothing for the Governor's opponents to attack. From the hour of his inauguration he has executed a program for the people unequaled in the history of the state. What has been done? A Public Utilities has been established. What has that done? It has reduced the cost of gas and electricity in 111 cities in the state, has saved $1,000,000 to the consumers and has earned $250,000 for the state.

What about the roads? During Governor Dunne's administration Illinois has been dragged out of the mud. Within four years six hundred miles of concrete and macadam roads have been built to the great advantage of farmers and automobilists.

The appropriation for common schools has been increased from $4,000,000 in 1911 to $8,000,000 in 1915.

Governor Dunne's administration has worked wonders for social service. Employes in state institutions work eight hours where they formerly worked sixteen and now have one day's rest in seven.

The Miners have been helped by new and just laws, such as: providing mine rescue stations, sanitary washrooms in mines and factories, and other laws providing for safety.

Important changes and amendments in the Workmen's Compensation Law has been of vast benefit to labor.

Efficiency has been a watchword in this administration. There have been no scandals in departments, such as were common under previous administrations, economy has been observed everywhere. Governor Dunne has vetoed more appropriations for useless purposes than any other Governor in the history of the state. Watchfulness has been exercised, and along with progress there has been a business-like administration.

If a record for efficient and honest government means anything, Governor Dunne will be easily re-elected in November.

NEW WARS FOR OLD

By

John Haynes Holmes

Minister of the Church of the Messiah, [Unitarian], New York City, author of "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," "Marriage and Divorce," "Is Death the End?," etc.

DR. FREDERICK LYNCH, *Editor of Christian Work and Evangelist, says:*

"I have read 'New Wars for Old' with great interest. No one has put the case of moral force surpassing physical, and of love as the most irresistible thing, more strongly or persuasively than Mr. Holmes has here. It is the most stimulating reading I have found in a long time; every page challenges one; and its moral intensity is tremendous.

Mr. GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, says: "I know of no present day work that takes up so thoroughly and fearlessly the whole history of the deep questions involved in the rise of man to the position of mental and spiritual dominance and true eminence. I think no better service for true preparedness can be rendered this country than to have this book read most widely."

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST
"A counterblast to militarism

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FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF

"Love for the Battle-torn Peoples"

INTRODUCTION

I do not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than those in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands, but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D.

New York City, August 1, 1916.